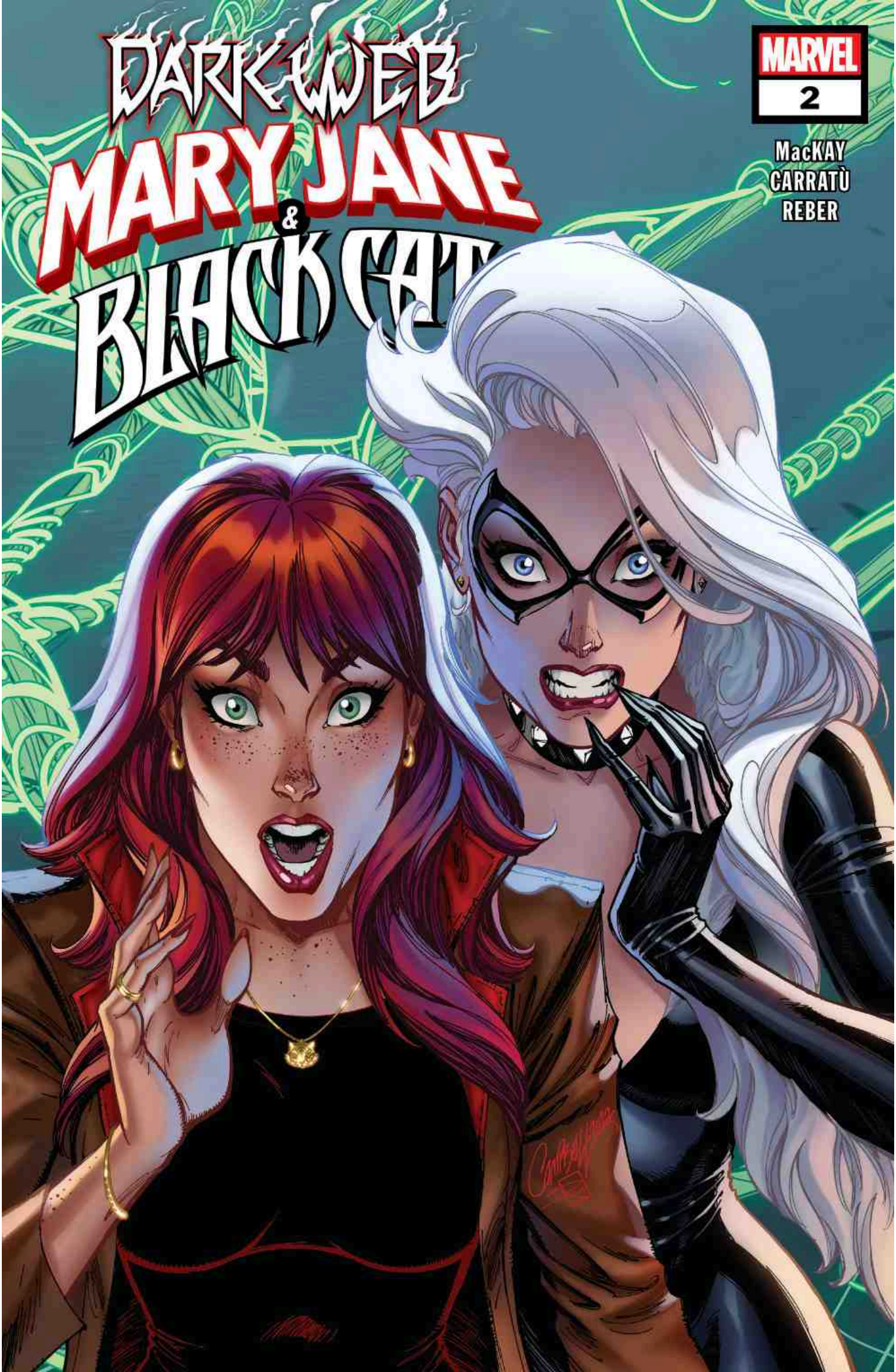
DARK WEB
MARY JANE
&
BLACK CAT
MARVEL
2
MacKAY
CARRATÙ
REBER

MARY JANE & BLACK CAT

DARK WEB

MARY JANE WATSON and **FELICIA HARDY,** A.K.A. the **BLACK CAT,** are in a bit of a jam.

Ever since **BEN REILLY,** A.K.A. **CHASM,** and **MADELYNE PRYOR,** A.K.A. the **GOBLIN QUEEN,** opened the doors to Limbo, demonic spirits have been possessing everyday objects, wreaking havoc on New York City! Felicia made her way across the city to help MJ and her family, as a favor to **PETER PARKER,** A.K.A. **SPIDER-MAN.** But when Felicia arrived, she was surprised to find MJ had powers--and was fully capable of defending herself!

Teaming up, the two women began to fight their way through the city, when they were sucked through a portal into Limbo--and found themselves face-to-face with **BELASCO,** Limbo's former ruler!

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SO.
NEW YORK'S GONE TO HELL. AGAIN.
THOUGH PERHAPS IT WOULD BE MORE ACCURATE TO SAY THAT *HELL'S* GONE TO *NEW YORK.*
BECAUSE *I* NOW KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT *"GOING TO HELL"* AND WHAT IT *ENTAILS.*
HI. I'M FELICIA HARDY. THE *BLACK CAT.*
AND THIS IS *MARY JANE WATSON* (WHO I GUESS HAS SUPER-POWERS NOW?).
AND WE'RE ON A *JOB INTERVIEW* IN *HELL.*
SO, YOU WANT ME TO *STEAL* SOMETHING.
SURE. FINE. WHATEVER.
I'VE WORKED FOR *WORSE* DUDES, I GUESS. BUT SEND *HER* BACK FIRST.
I THINK THIS USED TO BE A UNICORN.
HOW MUCH OF IT DID YOU EAT?

OUT OF THE QUESTION, DUCKLING.
MY FORTUNES MAY HAVE WANED RECENTLY, BUT I STILL KNOW A SIMPLE MAXIM OF BUSINESS:
YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT--TO WIT: A RETURN TO EARTH--ONLY AFTER I GET WHAT I WANT.
AND, TO WIT, WHAT--
--NO, THANK YOU, I'M STUFFED--
--IS THAT, BELASCO?
NOTHING MUCH. A MERE SENTIMENTAL TRIFLE.
A SWORD.

LIMBO HAS ALWAYS BEEN RULED BY THE SWORD, LADIES.
THE SOULSWORD, THE ULTIMATE EXPRESSION OF SORCEROUS MIGHT. TAKING ONE'S VERY SOUL, THE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH ONE EXERCISES THEIR COMMAND OVER MAGIC, AND FORGING IT INTO A WEAPON.
I HAVE... MISPLACED MINE.
LOOK. ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT LAST TIME YOU TRIED TO USE YOUR POWERS, YOU TURNED INTO PUDDING.
IT WAS A FLUKE. I CAN PULL MY OWN WEIGHT.
PUDDING.
LOOK, I'VE GOT KIDS TO GET BACK TO. I'M ON THE CREW.
"I WAS INSTRUCTED IN THE CREATION OF MY OWN SOULSWORD BY...OUTSIDE INTERESTS* LONG AGO.
"IT SERVED THEIR PURPOSES FOR ME TO BE THE MASTER OF LIMBO.
"BUT TO ENSURE THAT I...KNEW MY PLACE, THEY TOOK IT FROM ME, HID IT AWAY."
*ELDER GODS BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTALS!
AND LEFT ME WITH A REMINDER OF WHO THEY WERE. AND WHAT I OWED THEM.

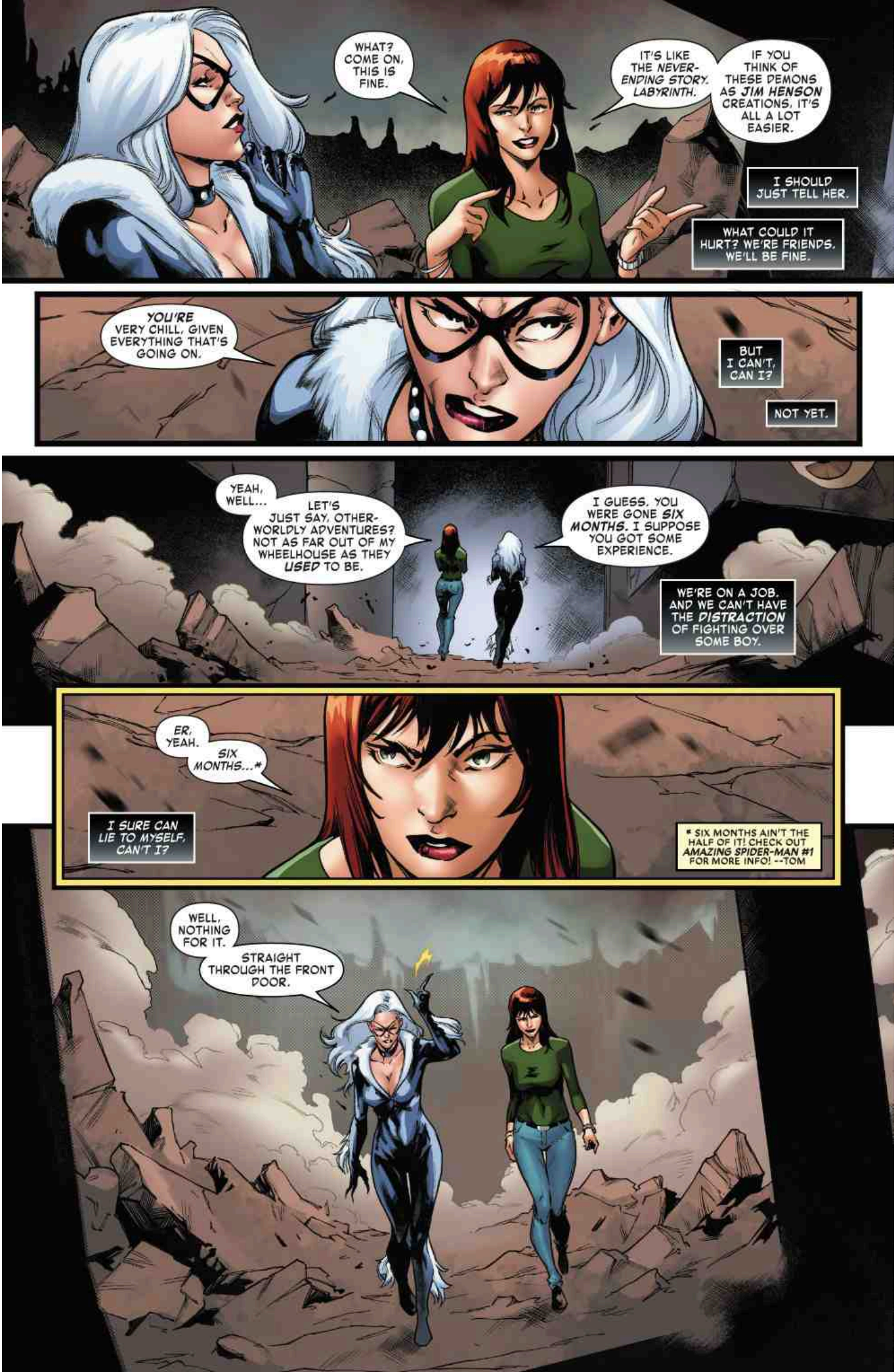
HOWEVER, MY MASTERSHIP OVER LIMBO WAS USURPED BY A POPPET WHO FORGED HER OWN SOULSWORD. WITH HERS IN HAND AND MINE NOTABLY ABSENT, I WAS DEPOSED.
BUT NOW, WITH LIMBO IN UPSET AND THE ATTENTIONS OF MY FORMER... PATRONS DIRECTED ELSEWHERE...
...IT IS TIME I TOOK UP MY OWN SOULSWORD AND MADE LIMBO MINE AGAIN.
SOULSWORD. COOL.
SO, WHY NOW? WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE A MOVE FOR IT WHEN YOUR SKIN WAS STILL WHERE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE?
BECAUSE IT WAS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE I COULD NOT FIND IT.
"THE SCREAMING TOWER.
"A LANCE DRIVEN INTO THE HEART OF LIMBO BY THE GODS OF ANOTHER UNIVERSE, POPULATED WITH HORRORS AND FURNISHED WITH TRAPS, ALL TO HIDE FROM ME WHAT IS MINE.
"AND OUT OF PHASE WITH REALITY BY HEX AND CURSE."

UNTIL LIMBO CROSSED OVER WITH *EARTH*, THAT IS.
WITH THE ARCANE VIBRATIONS OF OUR TWO WORLDS OVERLAPPING, THE SPELLS THAT HIDE THE TOWER ARE VULNERABLE.
AND SO I ENACTED A SORCEROUS RITUAL *TO BREAK* THAT SPELL.
OF COURSE, THE RITUAL REQUIRED ME TO *SKIN MYSELF.* SMALL SACRIFICE.
IT IS THE *SCREAMING* TOWER, AFTER ALL.
I'M GOING TO ASK A QUESTION, AND I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THE ANSWER.
WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES AFTER THIS, ARE WE?

"OH, NO, OF COURSE NOT.
"WORD OF THE SCREAMING TOWER'S RETURN HAS AFFLICTED THE THIEVES AND SCOUNDRELS OF LIMBO LIKE A FEVER...
THE THIEF ARMY.
(THE ASSEMBLED ROGUES OF LIMBO--ON THE MOVE!)
HEVEN'S DEVILS.
(INTERDIMENSIONAL HUNTERS, LOOKING TO HEAL THEIR FRACTURED REALM!)
"...AS WELL AS INCITING FREEBOOTERS AND CORSAIRS FROM FAR-OFF WORLDS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE SOULSWORD OF BELASCO.
"ARMIES OF WARRIORS WILL BE YOUR COMPETITION...
HYDRA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AGARES.
(SUPER-TERRORISTS SEEKING A WEAPON TO TURN THE TIDE!)
"...AND NOTABLE INDIVIDUALS AS WELL."
S'YM.
(S'YM!)

SAY I BELIEVE YOU.
WHAT'S TO KEEP ME AND MJ FROM TAKING YOUR SOULSWORD AND BECOMING THE FABULOUS CO-QUEENS OF HELL?
BECAUSE I'VE CHOSEN *WELL.*
NEITHER OF YOU WISH TO REMAIN HERE ANY LONGER THAN YOU HAVE TO.
NOT WHEN THE ONES YOU *LOVE* ARE ON EARTH.
AAAAAAAAAAAA
OH YEAH? FELICIA'S IN LO-O-OVE?
COME ON, *DISH.*
HE'S, *UH,* TALKING ABOUT MY *MOM.* KNOCK IT OFF.
ENOUGH GRABASS. WITH ALL THESE ROUGHNECKS AFTER IT, WHY DO YOU THINK *WE* CAN GET THE SWORD?
BECAUSE *I* HAVE ONE THING THAT *THEY* DO NOT.
EARTH GIRLS.

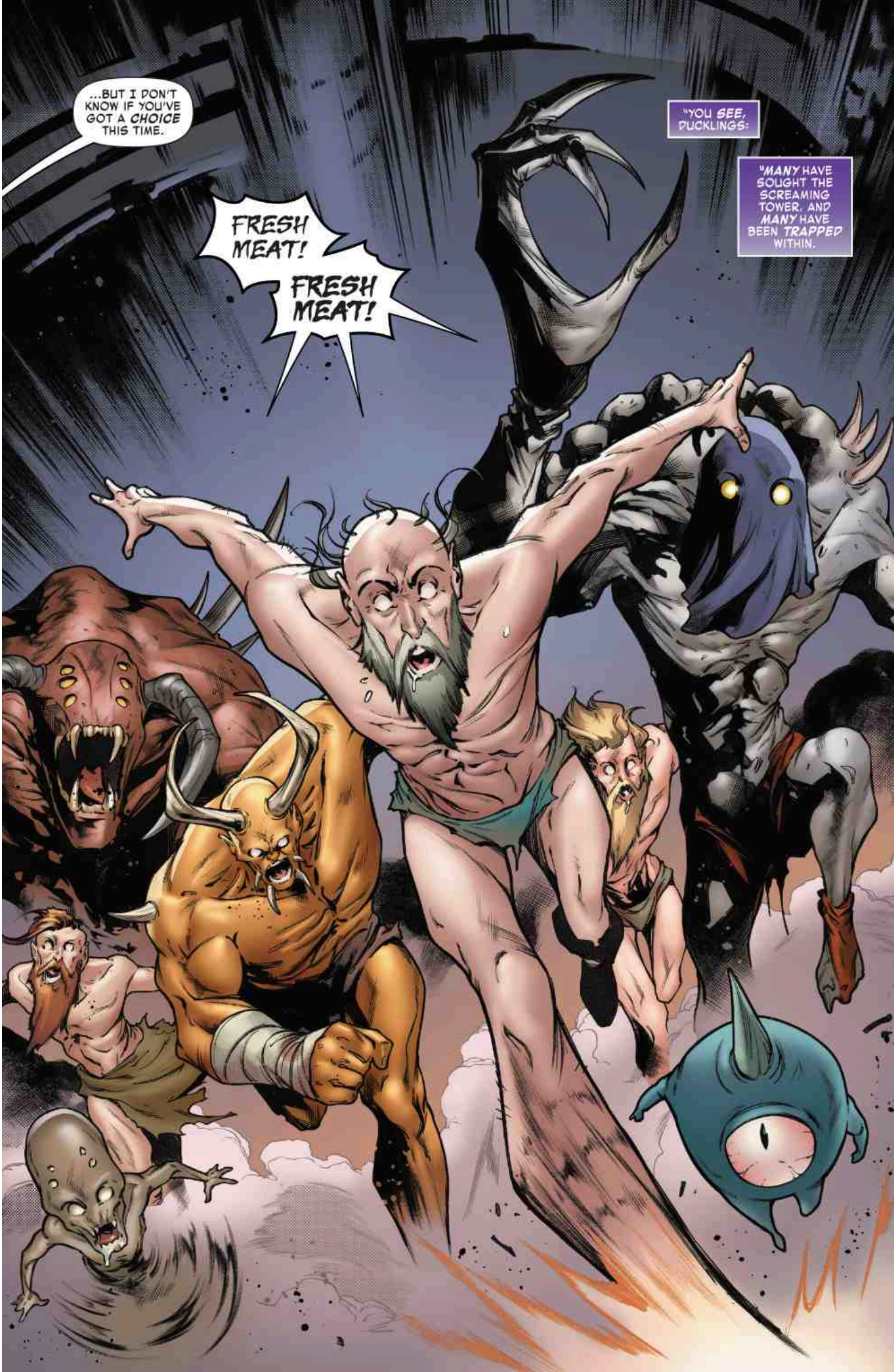
"AND EVER HAS THE DESTINY OF LIMBO BEEN DECIDED BY EARTH GIRLS."
SHORTLY.
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK...
THE SCREAMING TOWER.
...THAT THIS IS ABOUT THE OPPOSITE OF HOW I LIKE TO DO THINGS.


WHAT? COME ON, THIS IS FINE.
IT'S LIKE THE *NEVER-ENDING STORY. LABYRINTH.*
IF YOU THINK OF THESE DEMONS AS *JIM HENSON* CREATIONS, IT'S ALL A LOT EASIER.
I SHOULD JUST TELL HER.
WHAT COULD IT HURT? WE'RE FRIENDS. WE'LL BE FINE.
YOU'RE VERY CHILL, GIVEN EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON.
BUT I CAN'T, CAN I?
NOT YET.
YEAH, WELL...
LET'S JUST SAY, OTHER-WORLDLY ADVENTURES? NOT AS FAR OUT OF MY WHEELHOUSE AS THEY *USED* TO BE.
I GUESS, YOU WERE GONE *SIX MONTHS.* I SUPPOSE YOU GOT SOME EXPERIENCE.
WE'RE ON A JOB. AND WE CAN'T HAVE THE *DISTRACTION* OF FIGHTING OVER SOME BOY.
ER, YEAH.
*SIX MONTHS...**
I SURE CAN LIE TO MYSELF, CAN'T I?
* SIX MONTHS AIN'T THE HALF OF IT! CHECK OUT *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #1* FOR MORE INFO! --TOM
WELL, NOTHING FOR IT.
STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

THIS IS NOT HOW I USUALLY WORK.
I MAKE PLANS.
I PAY BRIBES, MAKE MAPS, SET UP GUYS WHERE I NEED THEM. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING (MOSTLY).
I'VE GOT NONE OF THAT HERE.
YOU BETTER USE THE THING.
YEAH, IT'S ABOUT TIME.
HERE, I'VE JUST GOT PURE CRIMINAL INSTINCT.
THAT AND MARY JANE WATSON, SHE OF THE INDETERMINATE SUPER-POWERS AND SECRETS. AND, OF COURSE...
...THE THING.
(NO, NOT BEN GRIMM. THAT WOULD BE SICK THOUGH.)
WHOAAAA.
OUR SECRET WEAPON. WHAT WE HAVE THAT ALL THE OTHER JAMOKES LOOKING FOR THE SAME THING DON'T.
A COMPASS.
OUR LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

MADE FROM A FRAGMENT OF WHAT PASSES FOR BELASCO'S VERY SOUL.
BECAUSE LIKE CALLS TO LIKE, MY DUCKLINGS. THAT'S MAGIC FOR YOU.
"A SOUL-COMPASS TO LEAD YOU TO MY SOULSWORD."
SO. YOU GOING TO CHARGE UP YOUR SUPER-POWERS OR WHAT?
NOPE.
NOPE?
NOT TILL I HAVE TO.
I HAD A BAD PULL LAST TIME.
YEAH, PUDDING--
IT'S NOT JUST THE PUDDING. YOU SAW THE SKULL COME UP, RIGHT?
...YEAHHHH...?
ONE SKULL IS BAD ENOUGH. MEANS A LESS USEFUL POWER.
TWO IS EVEN WORSE. I HAD THAT HAPPEN ONCE BEFORE.

BUT THREE SKULLS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *THEN*, AND I DON'T *MEAN* TO FIND OUT.
THAT'S A *1* IN *343* CHANCE.
PRETTY GOOD ODDS.
BUT I HAVE *TWO KIDS*, FELICIA.
AND *1* BULLET IN *343* CHAMBERS *IS STILL A BULLET.*
HEY.
I *GET* IT...


...BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE THIS TIME.
"YOU SEE, DUCKLINGS:
"MANY HAVE SOUGHT THE SCREAMING TOWER, AND MANY HAVE BEEN TRAPPED WITHIN.
FRESH MEAT!
FRESH MEAT!

"THE CURSE OF THE TOWER KEEPS HUNGER AND THIRST FROM KILLING THEM...
DAMMIT!
BACK OFF, JERKS!
"...BUT THE HUNGER AND THIRST MAKES THE RABBLE WISH THEY WOULD.
YAWEEE!
"AND SO EVER HUNGRY ARE THEY FOR FRESH, SUN-TOUCHED MEAT AND THIRSTY FOR THE BLOOD THAT SOAKS IT.
RRRR!
"IT IS PROBABLY BEST TO AVOID THEM ALTOGETHER--THEY'RE QUITE DREADFUL."

GREAT. FEATHERS.
FEATHERS?!
FEATHERS!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SUPER-STRENGTH?
YOUR WINGS AND SWORD?
I'VE BEEN HAVING A BAD RUN.
I GUESS IT BEATS PUDDING.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
IF I COULD FEED THEM PUDDING, THESE GUYS WOULD MAKE ME THEIR QUEEN.
HM. GOOD POINT.

I DON'T KNOW--CAN YOU EAT FEATHERS? BECAUSE--
UH-OH.
HOLD ON!
YEEK!
COME ON, CATCH ON SOMETHING, CATCH ON SOMETHING--
IN A TIME LIKE THIS, YOU FIND YOURSELF ASKING QUESTIONS.

HOW IS THERE A BOTTOMLESS PIT INSIDE A TOWER?
TINK
HOW CAN AN ARMY OF CANNIBALS LIVE FOREVER IN THE DARKNESS?
HOW IS IT THAT I CAN'T TELL HER THE TRUTH EVEN THOUGH WE'RE GOING TO DIE?
TIK
HOW IS ANY OF THIS FAIR?
TAK

AND THEN, JUST LIKE THAT--
STOMP
TWANGG
--THE GRAPNEL CATCHES.
YOU KNEW THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, RIGHT?
PLEASE. I'M A PROFESSIONAL.
OH MY GOD, YOU DIDN'T KNOW!
OKAY, YOU GOT ME.
I THOUGHT WE WERE ABOUT TO BITE IT THEN.
THAT FEELING, WHEN THE GRAPNEL JUST SLIDES ALONG AND DOESN'T CATCH?
WORST THING IN THE WORLD. LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A...

CARLOS PACHECO
1961-2022

"My friend Carlos Pacheco was a sweetheart of a guy who loved comics, the Marvel comics that he read as a child most of all. He brought an enthusiasm to his work that went beyond the drive of the professional — he was truly invested in the characters and their fictitious lives. His work combined the dynamics of John Byrne with the realism of Neal Adams, creating a synthesis that captured the essence of American super hero comics — a form that was exotic to Carlos as he first read the translated stories but which he absorbed and came to embody like a native. A citizen of Spain, the Marvel Universe was his true home."

— TOM BREVOORT

"Carlos was a dream collaborator who made every story better with his ideas, his brilliant storytelling and his beautiful art. But more, he was warmhearted, enthusiastic and a wonderful person. I was thrilled to work with him but happier still to have him as a friend. He will be enormously missed."

— KURT BUSIEK

...GUARDIAN ANGEL?!
HEY. DON'T MENTION IT.
TO BE CONTINUED!

DARK WEB SPINS ON...

NEXT:

DECEMBER:

- ~~DARK WEB: DUSK~~
- ~~AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #15~~
- ~~DARK WEB: X-MEN #1~~
- ~~MARY JANE & BLACK CAT #1~~
- ~~DARK WEB: MS. MARVEL #1~~
- ~~GOLD GOBLIN #2~~
- ~~AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #16~~
- ~~VENOM #14~~
- ~~DARK WEB: X-MEN #2~~

JANUARY:

- ~~GOLD GOBLIN #3~~
- ~~AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #17~~
- ~~DARK WEB: MS. MARVEL #2~~
- ~~MARY JANE & BLACK CAT #2~~
- ▷ VENOM #15
- ▷ DARK WEB: X-MEN #3
- ▷ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #18

FEBRUARY:

- ▷ VENOM #16
- ▷ DARK WEB: DAWN

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ZONE